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Their notes proclaiming, far and near,
The birthday of our King.

A King, indeed, the Son of Heaven,
Whom coming down to earth
Placed upon man the signet true
Of his immortal birth.

The starlight gleams in beauty shown
As Christ, the child, appeared;
And shepherds, guided on the scene,
Beheld, adored and feared.

Brightest among the starry orbs,
The star of Bethlehem
Shed forth its fairest, purest rays,
As if to beckon them.

To tarry not, but seek the spot
Where in the manger lay
The heavenly babe, the one foretold,
To be a King of kings.

Ave, Sovereign of a world redeemed,
Of man from sin made free,
Through humble, lowly as a babe,
Yet still a Prince was he.

One universal song should rise
This Christmas morn'g on high,
Earth's millions sing an angel song
While Christ is with us here and nigh.

Good Will to Men, and Peace on Earth,
Bring the angelic choir,
And through the centuries these words
Have failed not to inspire.

Their meaning sinking deep within
The hearts of all mankind,
From these words great results
Which souls together bind.

Good will to men the infant Christ
Brought from His home above;
And this rich gift He freely gives
To all who love and truly give.

The Christ-child and the risen Christ
Should claim our thoughts to-day,
Through them there came the blessed hope
Of immortality.

Ring loudly, then, ye Christmas bells,
Until the charmed air
Shall vibrate with a melody
Whose music all may share.

—J. M. Thompson, in Boston Budget.

UNCLE JOHN'S CHRISTMAS.

By MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ

66

HERE I am, Uncle

John, for your

Christmas pres-

ent," and the old man found himself

imprisoned by a pair of warm arms,

while a sweet young face was held

up to his own.

"Glad to see you, Puss. You look

as your ma did at your age. It was

kind of you to give up city holidays

and come into a country village in

the dead of winter."

"Oh, I came to visit you, and you

are not dead nor cold," laughed Jes-

sie, merrily.

A thrill of new life went through

the old bachelor's heart. Then his

sister had not let her children know

what a selfish old fellow he was.

The large Kinglet family had

scattered east and west, all except

the eldest, John. When the town

took in the old homestead he was

able to start a bank in the village.

The more he enlarged in his worldly

possessions the more contracted be-

came his heart. He lived in the old

brick homestead alone, except for

the presence of a faithful old do-

mestic and the hired man. He did

not often visit his relatives or ask

them to visit him, but Mary was a

minister's wife and her husband had

lately been sent to one of the small

churches in the large city near, and

the sister determined to try to win

the lonely man back to himself.

"I am afraid you will find this

dark house very still," said the uncle.

"Oh, we'll throw up the shades and

let in all the light, and Wisconsin

has the brightest winter sunshine in

the world. While I am here we will

have in all of your old friends. My

head is tired from studying, but my

hands are all right, and I'll help cook

and work."

"Nancy is a Tartar, but you had

"Why, the lot of what you are go-

ing to do for Santa Claus. He prob-

ably has exchanged his sleigh for an

automobile this year and will visit

more people. Seriously, I mean, un-

cle, it is hard to plan to make a lot

of people happy on Christmas, you

know."

He did not know, for he had not

tried it. He had long ago made the

holy Christmas an ordinary day.

Jessie went right on as if he had

been enthusiastic.

"It is a thank-offering year, you

know, and we must do more than

usual. The children have been mak-

ing scrap books and doing up old

toys for months, and I've knit mit-

ens at night, and mamma earned

five dollars for the poor."

"How?" asked the uncle.

"Mamma wanted two weeks off, and

mamma had that money. She has

so much sewing and church work she

couldn't stand it all alone, even with

our help, but she said a little back-

sche for Christmas was a pleasure.

She sent a warm dress to a preach-

er's wife out west. Papa was

patched flannels and sent five dol-

lars to India for an extra dinner

among some famine orphans. Of

course, there are some poor people

for us to have for dinner, or we send

it. How many family I send have

you on your list, uncle, dear?"

"Nancy attends to the dinner her-

self," answered Uncle John, a little

stiffly.

"Oh, can I help her and order what

I want at the grocery? I suppose

in a town like this there are many

who look to you for their Christmas

turkey," said Jessie, brightly.

"Do as you think best," answered

the uncle, with that inward pang

some people have when going with

only one.

"And can I help invite the guests,

uncle?"

"It would be such fun for you to make out your list."

for our own home dinner? The min-

ister's wife does her own work, as

of course we want them and the

dear children; and I met the sweet-

est little woman on the train with

two lovely children. Her hus-

band died a year ago, and she

finds she cannot stand

sewing in a shop to support

them, so she has come to her girl-

hood home to see what she can do

here. I saw her yesterday, and I

worried out of her that she was liv-

ing in two rooms and hadn't gotten

anything to do."

"What is, or need to be, Mattie

Clark. Her father did not save his

money, you see."

"So you will help his poor daugh-

ter," spoke up Jessie. "Thank you

Nancy said she'd admire to get

dinner for her preacher and his folks

on."

"Nancy is the best church mem-

ber in the family. But what more

do you want for Christmas? Do you

think I have a Fortunate purse?"

"No; but a big heart lengthens

any pocketbook; so I guess you

might give me five dollars to get

present for these five children. Jake

said he could find me a little tree

out in the woods, and we'll be all

right. I suppose you'll get Nancy

a dress; I saw a warm pretty brown

one downtown yesterday. And

Jake?

"I always give Nancy a dollar, but

she doesn't earn more than his

wages."

"He has a sick mother; but you

know that, of course, you dear old

fellow. You look sick yourself, and

I'm going to bed and let you rest,"

said Jessie, dropping a kiss on the

hair spot on her uncle's head.

"I can stand it once," he growled

when he was alone, but before the

week was out he began to feel the

"more blessedness," and surprised

himself by going around whistling

like a boy and handing out nickels

to school children, winding up with

giving each of his bank employees a

check Christmas eve. Not satisfied,

he sent oranges to the Sunday school

tree and to his sister Mary ten dol-

lars.

He smiled with real pleasure when

he saw the five heavy baskets Jake

was to take around Christmas eve.

He hung around, living over boy-

hood memories, while Nancy stuffed

the big turkey and Jessie made

the

Mr. Jiggs—I'm sorry, my man, but

I can't give you anything to-day.

Brownie Danton—But ain't you I

want, really. I am called 'see could

you see darn me stockin' 'I end hang

it up for Christmas.—Chicago Daily

News.

ONLY THIS

Miss Cynthia's Christmas

MISS CYNTHIA

MAILED out alone

—a not unusual

thing in these

days, and as her

sharp blue eyes roved over the famil-

iar room, a strange feeling of desola-

tion stole over her. In vain she re-

minded herself of hard facts that had

heretofore given her satisfaction; she

was the richest woman in Daleburg,

her house was the largest and most

imposing, her clothes the finest and

most fashionable and yet—

She got up impatiently and, going

over to the window, pressed her face

against the pane and looked out into

the December dusk. Muffled figures

hastened past, carrying bundles of all

shapes and sizes, for it was Christmas

evening, the night when little thrills

over Miss Cynthia and a great load

seemed to settle on her heart. She

had no one to buy gifts for, she told

herself, and no one cared enough for

the lonely old spinster to even give her

good wishes.

It had not always been thus. She

recalled the many, many happy De-

cember days she had enjoyed when Sid-

ney Bruce, her nephew and only living

relative, had lived in her home. She

had taken him to live with her when

he was a small boy, and her love for

him had grown into a mild idolatry

by the time he had become a man.

Sidney returned her affection with all

the strength of his loving heart un-

til he wanted to marry Edith Blake.

Miss Cynthia had other plans for Sid-

ney, and refused to even discuss Edith

with him, but Sidney was very much

in love and cared not a farthing that

Edith was poor and a sort of upper

servant in his aunt's house. Edith was

a peace-loving girl who found the sit-

uation almost more than she could

bear, for Miss Cynthia had taken her

when an orphan, six years before, and

had been like a mother to her ever

since. Edith loved Miss Cynthia dear-

ly, but loved Sidney more, and one

December day she went away with

him and was married.

Miss Cynthia did not rave or storm;

she simply ignored the existence of

the youthful pair, and Sidney, reared

in luxury, had to go to work at any-

thing he could find to do. He had

never even tried to support himself

and now he had Edith to love and cher-

ish—and support in addition.

Miss Cynthia changed into a cold,

hard woman, and was filled with bi-

terness when her oldest friends open-

ly sided with Sidney and Edith. The

latter took a small house, not a great

distance from Miss Cynthia's, and

were happy but very poor. Sidney

after many discouragements succeed-

ed in obtaining a situation in a large

factory as assistant bookkeeper, but

the work was hard and the pay pitifully

small.

Miss Cynthia watched from her

plate-glass windows and saw Sidney

trudging past day after day to his

work, and her heart hardened. For ap-

parently he never glanced at his old

home. He dined with avaricious eyes

and Miss Cynthia had ample oppor-

tunity to notice how this and that

wore his face had grown and how

shabby his clothes were as time went

on.

It was six years now since Sidney's

marriage, and Cynthia had not relent-

ed nor had Sidney asked aid, although

there were two little children, and

Edith was nearly blind with an afflic-

tion of the eyes.

Miss Cynthia's heart yearned for

those children, and whenever she

passed a group of neighborhood little

ones, her sharp eyes peered into each

small face trying to discern which

were the Bruce children, but she had